Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as their wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſ
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cle*
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her bet
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her
the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne mo
brance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughte

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O roy

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, th

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her o
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but oueri
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was thr
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine
to my ſence bend no licentious eare, but curb
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like
like him you are: did you not name a tempeſt,

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee w
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do wel
ching of her lips I may melt, and no more be
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mo

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of th
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe w

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.